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THE FAUST SAGA.

Translated from the German of KARL ROSENKRANZ, by ANNA C. BRACKETT.

FAUST, WAGNER, AND MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Symmetrical Relation of the First and Second Parts of Faust.

Faust in the tragedy may stand as the representative of humanity itself. The demonic forms in the drama (Mephistopheles and his gang) and Helen, may personify the mythical incarnation of the forces of his soul. The poet is forced to paint what goes on within, as external forms. What is so wonderful is that he has been able to clothe these symbolical projections in flesh and blood, and to take from them all the shadowy appearance and the prose of mere allegory. Mephistopheles says and does nothing which does not seem perfectly natural to an actual individual; and, even where he uses magic, the poet has still preserved the form of reality which belongs to an actual occurrence. But since, in order to exhibit all humanity according to its nature, the form had to take on universality, we must expect to see the limits of organic arrangement broken through. The laws of poetry, as theory sets them forth, begin here to have no force, and, in spite of this infinitude which beats in the pulse throughout the whole action, and removes us from all fixed standards of measure, the representation in the midst of all its mystery, all its mysticism, all its grotesqueness, yes, even in all its chaos, is always perfectly clear and comprehensible.

Faust, as the whole of man, is as much realist as idealist. He has the consciousness of this. Two souls dwell in his breast, and will not be separated. The one is absorbed in coarse sensuality and bound to the earth, while the other soars from the dust to the regions of lofty aspiration. On the other hand, Wagner and Mephisto are only realists because the former is limited by his positivity and the latter by his negativity.

Wagner, that "blessed reflection of linen and paper," is the mere empiricist, the learned man anxious for the increase of his knowledge, the empty understanding, but who revels in his search for trivialities, and to whom his limitation is not

disagreeable. The Wagners of the world are always learning and learning, and yet never reaching wisdom. They dig eagerly after treasures, and are exultant when they find earth-worms. Since they can invent or discover nothing in themselves, they are forced to fetch everything from without. When they get hold of an "authentic parchment, the whole heaven seems to come down" to them. The famulus of our philosopher has crept up behind him because he fancies that Faust is declaiming a Greek tragedy, and that he, peradventure, may profit by the listening. Thus a Wagner, during his whole life, always remains behind his exemplar. In his industry and in his narrowness he is a comical figure, who first becomes irksome to us when he is conceited, and offers to censure science and art in their inspired productions, and when he proclaims his empirical frivolities to be the very essence of investigation. We every day see such Wagners, who journey to Rome or Paris and there transcribe not now only Greek and Latin, but also old German and Oriental manuscripts, print the same with a *nunc primum e codicibus manuscriptis edidit*, and then believe that they have accomplished a scientific deed which will constitute an epoch. But copying, and even good copying, is after all nothing but copying, even if all the Wagners of all ages conspired together to celebrate a mere editor as a great man.

Mephistopheles is the limit on the side of its negativity. He sets limits to limits first as force, then as deceit. He kindles strife by the opposition of the limits. Of all the spirits that deny, he is, as the cheat, the least troublesome to his master, as Faust admits; for the man himself is too fond of absolute rest. And so he has given him this companion, who will animate and stir him up and make him work. In his opposition to the extreme transcendentalism of Faust's endeavors as well as to the extreme of self-contented limitation, Mephistopheles is right. He is entitled to his irony against the measureless. How often are we not obliged to give him our fullest approbation! In such passages he behaves exactly as Faust himself does when he opposes himself to the false tendency. The error of Mephistopheles begins when he himself goes beyond all limits, where he becomes absolutely revolutionary and breaks

through the divine order of the world with inane scorn, with passionate negation. For example, he is in the right when Faust, instead of troubling himself about Margaret, has climbed into the mountains to plunge into metaphysical thought, and to thank the Great Spirit that he has given him all things, and that he has brought forth, in mountain and wood, in bush and field, the myriads of living things as his brothers. Mephistopheles reproaches him for imbibing food for melancholy out of the oozy moss and the damp stones, while below the poor forsaken child is crying for him, and sighing out her song to him all day and all night. But again he is wrong when he becomes a sophist who flatters sensual desires, who mocks at Idealism in general as a vagary and lie; or when he becomes the audacious assailant of the order of the world, who strikes out his cold, devilish fist against life with murderous poison and dagger, who takes his enjoyment in evil, and who, as the wondrous son of 'Chaos, who has experienced and is weary of everything, gives his opinion that all that exists is good only to be destroyed, and that for this reason it would have been better if nothing had existed. The ever renewing life, the ever freshly circulating blood, angers him. But all his negating cannot attain to the absolute nought.

With Faust, Mephistopheles is essentially only one person. The man who first theoretically and then practically strays from the ways of eternal conformity to law, may lose his way in diabolical paths at last. So long as he does not comprehend himself in the wonderful power of his freedom, by the force of which he can create even the monster of evil, he will be always inclined to consider evil as something external to himself, as a devil who tempts and seduces him. The representation of Mephistopheles rests upon this orthodox fancy. But while the old Orthodoxy exhibited the devil as a spiritual monster, its grotesque dress in Goethe lost its horns, tail, and cloven feet. The devil appears in human form, and only a limp in the left foot and a repulsive, sarcastic look—which Margaret expresses by saying, that he who looks so can love no one—have remained as a symbolical intimation. The culture which has covered the whole world has

extended even to the devil; for his satanic majesty, attired in scarlet cloak, with a cock's feather in his hat and his little dagger at his side, would not be thought out of place in any polite drawing-room.

The poet, in the great wisdom of his poetic productivity, has given us a regular increase of power in the representation of Mephistopheles. After he has left the poodle's form and become a travelling student, we find him in conversation with the eager scholar as a satirist who mercilessly criticises the faults of our four university faculties; then, in Auerbach's cellar, playing the rôle of a conjuror; in the witches' kitchen, that of a witch-master; then, in order to find an ornament for Margaret, a treasure seeker; in Martha's garden, a panderer; in the duel with Valentine, a bully; and finally, on the Blocksberg, the master of ceremonies, as Satan himself, in the wild orgies of confusion and bestiality. Thus Evil is represented as growing from stage to stage till he reaches his own kingdom, where he rules as omnipotent. On the Blocksberg we find the convocation of evil powers, the collection of all the mob of the perverse directions of knowing, willing, and doing. Howsoever I may read it, again and again I am always forced to express my wonder at the art with which this is carried out. We are all well-acquainted with the poem of Faust; its types, its pictures, scenes, and speeches, are all familiar to us; but we must not forget that we owe it all to Goethe. How does he succeed, while he has painted the devil as so far from human, in yet surrounding him with an infernal nimbus of unholy power which, as opposed to us as an *alter ego*, fills us with vague alarm? This result he attains principally by means of the absurd. This appears in the pentagram on the threshold, which hinders the so powerful devil from passing out, so that a rat must first be brought forward in order with his sharp teeth to loosen the spell. And yet in this absurdity we also find a trace of reason when we are told that it is a law of the spirits that they must go out the same way as that by which they entered. Then again we see the absurd element in the hocus-pocus of the witches, in the sing-song of the apes, until it attains its highest point in the witches' sabbath of the Blocksberg. But the element of absurdity is

here so poetic because it is so absolutely inconceivable, that, as the opposite of understanding and reason, it wavers into the fantastic adventures of dreamland, till we see that evil is in its source, as in its very nature, irrational. And what is irrational reminds us of Reason.

But in order fully to understand Mephistopheles we must cast a glance upon the relation of the First and Second Parts. They are symmetrical in their structure. One passes rapidly, yet not without intention, from heaven, through the world, to hell; and the other, from hell, through the world, to heaven. Between the two lies the emancipation of Faust from the torment of self-consciousness, the Lethe in which all that is past is disposed of. While he sleeps the sleep of forgetfulness, the merry elves play around him with true pity.

“Be he holy, be he vicious,
Pity they the luckless man.”

As to the content, the First Part begins in the sphere of religion, and passes through the metaphysical into the ethical stage. The Second begins with the ethical, passes over into the æsthetical, and ends with the religious. In the First, we have love as opposed to knowledge; and in the Second, the deed in contrast to art or to the ideal of the beautiful. According to the form, the First Part goes from the hymn to the monologue and then to the dialogue; the Second, from the monologue and dialogue to the dithyramb, in order to conclude with the hymn; which, however, praises no more the Lord and his wondrous works, but the human in its process of union with the divine—salvation and reconciliation.

In the First Part, Mephistopheles appears to Faust in earthly things overcome in the overthrow of the limit by a limit. But after Faust has become guilty without being contented; after the devil, passing from the animal form through all his different potentialities, has at last shown his power in its culmination on the Blocksberg, Faust begins to gain the ascendancy. Mephistopheles must serve him in the capacity of an active servant, and sink always more and more to the forfeiture of the wager by himself, since, plunged in unnatural desire, he allows himself to be defrauded at the very moment in which the angels save the immortal part of Faust. There has been much criticism at this turn which the

play finally takes. It has been pronounced too insolent, too cynical. Goethe has been blamed for having written such disagreeable things in the Faust tragedy, that they cannot be read aloud at the tea table before a circle of refined ladies and gentlemen. If he had represented the devil as human, could he not by a good education have been so refined that he would not have fallen into such wrong doing? But Goethe never wrote for companies of æsthetic tea drinkers. He has left that to the inspired conversationalists and to ingenious authors. He holds to his point. If we consider that Mephistopheles has dragged Faust down into sensuality through his love for Margaret, that innocent child, who is penitent for no crime, but that Faust even then has not played wholly false with his nobler feeling, it is quite consistent that the devil should cheat himself through unnatural lust. The devil, who is devoid of love, who hates love, is not capable of love,—he can only feel in himself a greedy desire which is contrary to the order of nature; and so the angels allure him, the dirty villain, who looks upon them as very appetizing. Pederasty is not simply bestiality, it is an infernal bestiality which gets its desert and meanwhile allows the soul of the struggling, striving human being who has known the blessedness and the torment of love, to be snatched away from the greedy jaws of hell and led back to heaven.

ANTHROPOLOGY.

Translated from the German of IMMANUEL KANT, by A. E. KROEGER.

PART FIRST.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL DIDACTIC

Concerning the manner in which to recognize the Internal as well as the External of Man.

BOOK FIRST.

CONCERNING THE FACULTY OF COGNITION.

§ 8. *Apology for Sensuousness.*

Everybody renders all possible reverence to the *understanding*, as, indeed, the very naming of that faculty—it